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MURDER AND TERROR are still the order of the day in Germany. The hope of the moderate elements that the period of terrorism would end with the Reichstag election campaign has not been realized. It is true that there has been a decrease in the murder rate; seventy-nine persons were killed on the streets in the first twenty days of July, or approximately four a day, while since the election the killings have dropped to about two a day. But other acts of terrorism are increasing in number. Hundreds of persons have been assaulted on the streets; hand grenades have been thrown into scores of houses, causing considerable property damage; newspaper offices have been raided and wrecked by gangs of hoodlums wearing political party uniforms or emblems. Until now the Von Papen-Von Schleicher regime has refused to take the necessary measures to suppress this gangsterism. It has talked at length about restoring order, but it appears to be afraid of offending the fascists, who are charged by the moderate and Socialist press with being primarily responsible for the continued terrorism. Even Adolf Hitler seems unable to control his followers. Fired by his wild promises, they are now demanding action, are indeed acting upon their own initiative. There can be little doubt that a vast majority of German citizens, traditionally law-abiding, desire peace and order, but it appears almost certain that the political gangsters will drag Germany into civil war with their bloody tactics. At the moment of going to press the militarists are attempting to pacify the Nazis by offering their leaders a few Cabinet posts. This may satisfy Hitler, but will it appease his followers?

BUSINESS HAS BEEN WATCHING the stock market so nervously for many months that the recent sensational recovery there could not fail to attract wide and immediate attention, but it is doubtful whether, even so, the general public realizes the extent of that recovery. Up to August 6 the average price of fifty representative stocks, including railroad and industrial issues, had risen, according to the compilations of the New York *Times*, 68 per cent in one month. This is probably, in terms of percentages, the greatest advance that has taken place in a similar period in the history of the stock exchange. The advance becomes even more impressive when one considers some prominent individual stocks. Thus United States Steel had risen 101 per cent, General Electric 133 per cent, J. I. Case 198 per cent, International Harvester 184 per cent, Anaconda Copper 216 per cent. Now, as Will Rogers has remarked succinctly, "As dumb as we are we know we can't get prosperous that quick," and this remark is confirmed by the *Times's* weekly business index, which for the first week of August showed physical volume of business at 53.9 per cent of "normal", the lowest point it has reached so far. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Hoover has taken not a single fundamental step that might help to bring about recovery. Our prohibitive tariff remains as high as ever; we remain adamant on war debts. The problems of railroad receivership, of unpayable farm mortgages and other debts, also remain. Nevertheless, the stock market's rise, even though dangerously rapid, cannot be dismissed as of no general importance. At the very least it represents a significant recovery of the financial community's nerves; it both reflects and encourages a recovery in basic commodity prices; the rise in securities in itself protects the solvency of many financial institutions, and increases business confidence.

MR. HOOVER HAS BEEN TAKEN at his word by the directors of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. In signing the new relief bill, one section of which provides a fund of $300,000,000 for loans to the States, the President said that loans would be extended only in cases of "absolute need" and upon "evidence of financial exhaustion." When Illinois asked for an immediate loan of $10,000,000, it was given only $3,000,000 for unemployment relief in Chicago. We do not know how the latter figure was determined, but we do know that Chicago has been compelled to spend that amount every month to feed its hungry. Detroit likewise has been helped with a meager loan. The $1,800,000 it obtained will barely meet the municipality's indebtedness to the grocers for food already distributed. Four Ohio counties have together been granted a loan of $852,662. But when Pennsylvania asked for $10,000,000 it was politely informed that it had not done its "full duty with respect to the furnishing of funds for relief purposes." Why this distinction between Illinois and Pennsylvania? Is there any proof that Illinois is closer to financial exhaustion than Pennsylvania? Certainly we know of none. And why such a niggardly policy in extending financial assistance the need of which is only too tragically apparent? Must delegations

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from Chicago, Detroit, and other cities run to Washington every month to beg for help? To our mind this miserly policy, which the financial position of our government does not justify, not only defeats the spirit in which Congress voted the $300,000,000 fund, but compels the nearly exhausted cities actually to cut their relief to a starvation basis.

ROBERT P. LAMONT, HAVING RESIGNED his position as Secretary of Commerce, is to become the new president of the American Iron and Steel Institute, succeeding Charles M. Schwab. This is interpreted as meaning that the steel industry as a whole will adopt a more aggressive policy in combating the depression. There can be little doubt that the industry stands in need not only of an aggressive policy but probably also of an entirely new policy. The industry has done very little toward developing new markets for its products. It maintains no research laboratories as does the electrical industry; suggestions and ideas for new uses of steel have come chiefly from the outside. The practice of the steel companies in fixing prices of rails and other products, which they erroneously disguise as a method of "stabilization", is now proving injurious. The automobile companies, which at the moment offer virtually the only market for steel goods, are refusing to buy beyond their immediate needs because they feel that they should be permitted to take advantage of a "buyers' market" in steel, but such a market is denied to them because of the price-fixing practice. Again, the steel industry has long supported the protective tariff system, although lower tariffs would very greatly benefit its home customers and enable the latter to buy more steel. While the industry needs a more aggressive policy, it is not certain that former Secretary Lamont is the man to direct that policy. Indeed, it is reported from Washington that his lack of aggressiveness in administering the affairs of the Department of Commerce was primarily responsible for his resignation.

THE B. E. F. HAS GONE HOME, thanks to President Hoover's tear-gas, Mayor McCloskey's clowning, and the canniness of those "men in high places" who realized that the price of transportation west from Johnstown—soft cushions, free meals, and all—was little enough to pay to get rid of 8,000 homeless, hungry Americans. In the approved American fashion, the responsibility has now been shifted to the cities farther west where the desperate attempt to get rid of the bonus army continues. Whether that succeeds time will soon tell. But the Administration cannot be very happy to hear that Walter W. Waters, self-appointed leader of the veterans, is to stump the country with the story of the events of July 28. "I intend to take the story of 'the battle of Anacostia' to the people. This story is more important than the bonus." Throughout the country, unfortunately, there are all too many McCloskeys, too many demagogues, too many troop commanders with bombs to use, too many, in fact, of the various key performers who have made the B. E. F. incident one of the sorriest occurrences in our history. There are, on the other hand, only too few General Glassfords as is so well set forth by Paul Y. Anderson in his admirable story, elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation,* of the bonus army's expulsion from Washington. Meanwhile, the incident has set one precedent. For the first time, lobbyists have been driven out of Washington with sabers.

THE STATE MILITIA HAS BEEN CALLED out in Indiana to suppress disturbances or threatened disturbances among the miners. This has happened twice in the last few weeks. On the last occasion Governor Leslie deemed it necessary to declare martial law in a section of the coal country. In Ohio, the militia has been on duty for weeks. Battles between guardsmen and miners are reported with disturbing frequency. Workers have been found murdered along lonely hillside roads. Bridges have been dynamited, railroad tracks torn up, other property damaged or destroyed. In Arkansas the national guard was mobilized when five hundred union coal-diggers attempted to stop non-union operations in the Johnson County mines. More than a dozen men have been killed in Kentucky in the last several months. Mine guards in West Virginia not long ago fired upon a group of union sympathizers, killing a miner and seriously wounding several others. Similar reports have come from other sections. Men are being shot to death almost every day in the coal country as the mine war goes on. And the disorders appear to be increasing in number and in violence. We are told that there has been little unrest, few disturbances among the workers in this period of depression. The mine war offers most tragic evidence of the falsity of this misleading optimism.

DEMANDS FOR GOVERNMENT ECONOMY spring primarily from the fact that the owners of property are having to pay higher taxes. Among the many groups bawling for economy one specializes in attacks on "government in business." Addressing this group recently, Robert R. McCormick, owner of the Chicago *Tribune,* charged the proponents of government ownership in Congress with "sacking the nation by confiscatory taxation." But persons who think as Colonel McCormick does ignore the fact that government enterprises, when honestly and efficiently operated, tend to reduce, not to increase, our taxes. The town of Iola, Kansas, which has a municipally owned electric light, gas, and water system, has this year been able to reduce its tax rate to the lowest point in seventy-three years. More than two-thirds of the municipality's revenues come from the profits of the city-owned utilities. By next year Iola's indebtedness will be wiped out and the property-owners will have to pay no taxes at all for local purposes. Iola will then have joined other tax-free cities, such as its neighbors Chanute and Colby, both of which likewise have municipally owned utility systems. Let those who are forever denouncing "government in business" as a cause of higher taxes first investigate the facts; the true causes lie elsewhere.

AS WE GO TO PRESS Governor Roosevelt faces one of the great tests of his career: he is about to try personally Mayor Walker with a view to settling whether that agile gentleman shall or shall not remain in office. The Mayor is very brash and is rejoicing that at last he has an opportunity to cross-examine the wicked men who have been persecuting him, as he asserts, solely to make political capital. But he comes to Albany under the handicap of the overwhelming indictment of himself contained in Mr. Seabury's rebuttal of Mayor Walker's answer to his first communication to the Governor—a rebuttal which left Mr. Walker as stripped to the world as any member of a nudist colony. Not in years has there been a finer bit of dialectic destruc-

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tion. Whether he removes the Mayor or not, the Governor is bound to be criticized; one camp or the other is certain to accuse him of playing politics. On the other hand, if he decides the evidence is sufficient for removal, it is within his power to give the country one of the most salutary lessons as to what constitutes official honesty that could be imagined. Even if the Governor decides that the evidence is not sufficient to warrant his exercising the power of removal, it is still within his right to flay this particular official. There is already some comment on the fact that this hearing is scheduled for the same day as that upon which President Hoover is to give us his speech of acceptance. Without having seen that precious document, we have no hesitation in saying that what is going to happen in Albany is a thousand times more important and is certain to be a thousand fold more interesting and illuminating. We do not flatter ourselves, we are sure, in saying that we are certain that we could write Mr. Hoover's speech of acceptance in advance, about as it will appear, grammatical errors, platitudes, pussyfooting, self-praise, misrepresentation, and all the rest.

WE CONGRATULATE MISSOURI upon Colonel Bennett Clark's capturing the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate in last week's primary—another instance to prove that the primary does give a good man an opportunity to win the approval of his fellow-citizens without licking the boots of a boss. The son of Champ Clark, Colonel Clark showed superb courage throughout his fight. As the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* put it, "there is no such word as evasion in this candidate's vocabulary." He came out flatfootedly for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and for drastic reduction of the present tariff schedules, which he declares to have been actuated by "indefensible avarice" and to constitute one of the main causes of the depression in which we are living. He went straight into the zinc-mine district of his State, which is insistent upon the tariff on zinc, and then and there he said: "I will not help any living human being to rob the American people merely because he happens to live in Missouri." As for the zinc tariff he declared that it had brought only "bankruptcy for the mine-owner, starvation for the mine worker, and penury for the merchant who depended on their trade." In addition, Colonel Clark advocated the five-day week and disarmament, and opposed the continuance of the Farm Board. An excellent officer in the war, Colonel Clark is a thoroughgoing peace man. Now that he has passed the first hurdle, we urge upon every *Nation* reader who lives in Missouri the need of sending this brave and unfettered man to the United States Senate.

AUSTRIA HAS LOST its strongest statesman. Whatever else one may think of Monsignor Ignaz Seipel, who served the new republic as Chancellor from 1922 to 1929, one must concede that his shrewdness, firmness, and foresight time and again saved Austria from chaos and possible extinction in the confused decade that followed the collapse of the former empire. On August 2 Monsignor Seipel died at Pernitz, still a relatively young man—he was only 56—and still a power in politics. When this Roman Catholic priest came to the chancellorship in 1922 there were many who predicted that Austria would not long survive the inflation and economic disruption of that turbulent period. Seipel, however, went begging in the capitals of Europe, and finally came home with the $135,000,000 loan from the League of Nations. But in turn he had to bind Austria to preserve its economic and political independence, and it was this pledge, given in writing, that blocked the Austro-German customs union which was proposed last year. Ever an ardent nationalist, though in the beginning moderate in politics, Seipel was hated by Socialists, Communists, and extreme nationalists alike. In May, 1923, he was stoned by a nationalist mob on the streets of Vienna, and in the following year he was shot by an unemployed worker. Toward the end he moved far to the right and became an open supporter of the Heimwehr and of the fascist theory of the state. But if we cannot admire his political views, we shall, nevertheless, remember him for the strength and honesty of his character.

THE CELERITY WITH WHICH IL DUCE jumps from one role to another must prove puzzling even to his American admirers. His stand for more drastic disarmament at the Geneva conference came closely upon the heels of a financial stringency which had all but paralyzed some of the Italian banks. Faced with these difficulties the dictator on July 21 called the results at Geneva "vain" and "entirely inadequate when compared to the wishes and hopes of the world." Writing for the Encyclopedia Italiana, however, the ardent peace champion now declares that fascism "rejects pacifism, which implies renunciation of struggle and cravenness in the face of sacrifice. . . . Only war carries all human energies to the height of tension and gives the seal of nobility to peoples that have the courage to confront it."

A NOBLE-SPIRITED SCHOLAR passed from this earth when G. Lowes Dickinson, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, died on August 3 in London. Were countries sane enough to reward the most unselfish, the wisest, and the most high-minded of their citizens, Lowes Dickinson would long have held one of the highest offices in the gift of Great Britain. An ardent advocate of peace, he had the courage to remain so when war came, not being accustomed to sloughing off his principles and ideals to suit the happenings of the moment, and especially not in obedience to an insensate and brutal patriotism. So he became in 1914 one of the most unpopular men in England, together with Bertrand Russell and Ramsay MacDonald. That unpopularity did not disturb him. He continued to preach the truth as he saw it and the wisdom of his entire course has long since been completely justified by the events since the Armistice, especially his opposition to harsh reparations or retaliatory measures against Germany. One of the first Englishmen to condemn the Versailles Treaty, he had worked from the beginning of the war as the President of the Union for Democratic Control for a peace that would be worthwhile and should make forever impossible the repetition of what he, in one book, called "The European Anarchy" and in another, "The International Anarchy." His book on "War: Its Nature, Cause, and Cure," is one of the best of the volumes in opposition to wholesale murder. More than that, he was a scholar in his own right and no mean historian to boot. Especially at this juncture, the world can little afford to lose an unofficial statesman of the high type of G. Lowes Dickinson.

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Economic Ignorance at Ottawa

THOSE who have been wondering lately just what is wrong with the world could hardly find a more instructive answer than that supplied by the daily reports of the discussions of the Imperial Conference at Ottawa. There is not a single statesman at that conference who talks as if he had ever in his life opened even one elementary economic textbook. So far as Ottawa is concerned, not only contemporary liberal economists, but all the classical economists from Adam Smith's day, have written in vain. Behind the statement of every premier lies the crude mercantilism rampant before the eighteenth century. There seems to be hardly a popular fallacy regarding foreign trade which the statesmen at Ottawa do not warmly embrace.

Whatever may have been the defects of the classical economists in other fields, the soundness of their fundamental analysis of the real gains possible through foreign trade remains beyond dispute. Their conclusion, as summed up by John Stuart Mill, was that "the only direct advantage of foreign commerce consists in the imports. A country obtains things which it either could not have produced at all, or which it must have produced at a greater expense of capital and labor than the cost of the things which it exports to pay for them. . . . The vulgar theory disregards this benefit, and deems the advantage of commerce to reside in the exports: as if not what a country obtains, but what it parts with, by its foreign trade, was supposed to constitute the gain to it."

The statesmen at Ottawa have been talking, without intermission, precisely the language so properly derided by Mill. Mr. Baldwin, speaking for Great Britain, presents a table of exports and imports with the dominions, and as these show an excess of imports over exports, remarks, more in sorrow than in anger, "From these tables it will be seen that the visible trade balance in favor of the dominions is nearly £100,000,000." "The tables," he adds, "show that the United Kingdom has been doing her share in encouraging the trade and industry of the dominions; that she takes a very large proportion of dominion exports, for many of which there would seem to be no other outlet available in the world." Whereupon Mr. Havenga, speaking for South Africa, retorts that Mr. Baldwin's figures are certainly misleading as applied to his own country, because the Baldwin figures of British imports from South Africa include reexports and gold. It is true that the gold that South Africa sends to Great Britain comes from South Africa's own mines; still, Mr. Havenga doesn't think they should be included. "As far as the Union is concerned," he replies, "the position is that South Africa in 1930 bought from Britain more than £29,000,000 worth of commodities which enter into competitive trade, while Britain bought from South Africa less than £12,000,000 worth of such goods, and this favorable position of Britain in the competitive trade of South Africa is the normal position." And all the other dominion governments put forward similar arguments.

Consider the implications of this. Each delegation to the conference talks as if the goods its country buys from the other countries represented in the conference were bought, not because that country needed them, or could not get along without them, or could get them only at a higher price elsewhere, but as if it bought the goods simply as a favor to the selling countries. To buy goods from another country is considered to be not only a friendly but a generous act. To permit oneself to be sold goods from another country is to tolerate, it would seem, almost a hostile act. In brief, when each delegation thinks of the advantages of foreign trade to its own country, it thinks always of the selling class; it thinks of the profits of its business men, not of the savings of its consumers. The reason for this is only partly that producers are better organized and better able to bring various forms of persuasion and pressure on statesmen than consumers are. The whole tendency of statesmen, who in this respect merely share popular prejudices, is to think of social wealth almost solely in terms of money, so that the profits of manufacturers as such seem real, while the real welfare of consumers seems too intangible for serious consideration. It was with this in mind that William Graham Sumner spoke of the consumer long ago as "the forgotten man." It is to be regretted that Governor Roosevelt, though he has appropriated the phrase, has not really understood it.

But even if we confine ourselves to the interests of sellers, what are we to say of the Ottawa discussions? In the negotiations between England and Canada, both talk of granting each other tariff "preferences". The effect of such preferences must depend, of course, upon what is meant by the word. If it means merely lower tariffs within the empire, then it must be welcomed as a very important step in the right direction. But if preference is to be achieved rather by higher tariffs to the outside world—which seems at present more probable—then it can only make the present plight of the world still more desperate. The Canadian representatives talk blandly of switching $100,000,000 more of their yearly purchases to England, deflecting $50,000,000 of them from the United States. Here again the attitude is that imports, like kisses, go by favor—that buying is a matter of whim, that the same goods can be bought as cheaply and conveniently in England as in the United States. And no Canadian statesman has pointed out so far that if Canada buys $50,000,000 less goods a year from the United States, the United States must, in the long run, buy $50,000,000 less from Canada. Would there be an immediate market in England for these lost exports? Or would Canada, which depends comparatively so much more than we do on foreign trade be distorting and disorganizing that trade at the very time that it can least afford to do so?

In deploring the stupidly medieval economic notions that prevail at Ottawa, we do not mean to imply that we consider them any worse or essentially any different than those held by our own Administration. The recent Ottawa discussions merely throw a brilliant light on the short-sighted national selfishness and on the practically universal lack of understanding of the simplest economic principles that prevails among the world's statesmen. They tell us too plainly, not only why those statesmen have been unable to stop the progress of the greatest economic crisis in a century, but have done so much to prolong and intensify it.

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The Stimson Doctrine

WHETHER or not the new Stimson peace policy actually prevents war between Bolivia and Paraguay, and there is every reason to believe that it will, it must be considered an important addition to the peace machinery of the world. Nineteen members of the Pan-American Union have jointly informed these two South American countries that "they will not recognize any territorial arrangement of this controversy which has not been obtained by peaceful means, nor the validity of territorial acquisitions which may be obtained through occupation or conquest by force of arms." This is the same doctrine which Secretary Stimson laid down last January with respect to Japanese aggression in Manchuria. At the present writing it is not certain that both parties to the Gran Chaco dispute will heed the warning of the Pan-American Union. Paraguay has unconditionally accepted the conditions set forth, but Bolivia, to whom possession of the Gran Chaco territory means free access to the sea, something for which that country has been fighting ever since the War of the Pacific deprived it of its only maritime provinces half a century ago, has so far withheld its acceptance. It is to be doubted that Bolivia can long oppose the united will of its neighbors.

Obviously the Stimson doctrine, to be effective, must have the support of all the countries directly or indirectly concerned in a given controversy. In Manchuria this support is lacking. Japan, of course, is openly opposed to the application of this new doctrine there. But of much greater significance is the attitude of Great Britain, France, Russia, and other Powers interested politically or financially in the Far East. They have not formally rejected the Stimson doctrine, but neither have they accepted it. If they refuse to join with the United States in withholding recognition of Japanese gains in Manchuria achieved by means of the recent hostile invasion, the new policy can have no meaning in that area. With respect to the Gran Chaco controversy, on the other hand, all the countries concerned, except Bolivia, have announced their adhesion to the new policy.

There is some question as to what effect the Stimson doctrine as embraced by the Pan-American Union will have on the Latin American policy of the United States. In his note of January 7 to Japan and China, Secretary Stimson spoke of treaty rights as well as territorial changes. The Union's note of August 3 speaks only of "territorial acquisitions." We have presumably come to the end of our period of territorial expansion. In the immediate past the United States has used military force to achieve other ends, to impose its will in financial and similar matters upon reluctant Caribbean and Central American countries. The policy enunciated in the joint note of August 3 will not serve to check such intervention. Under the terms of that note the United States is still free to send marines into a Latin American country, ostensibly to "protect American lives and property," but actually to collect debts or to acquire new treaty rights. Happily, in the last few years there has been a decided trend away from this policy of intervention. None the less, if the Stimson doctrine prevents war between two South American countries, it must be regarded as a valuable step forward.

Vacations

RECENTLY the *Manchester Guardian* held a contest for its readers on the subject, "Why I shall return to Shrimpton this year"—Shrimpton being the symbolic name of the spot to which vacationists return year after year. The burden of the answers was unmistakable. In Shrimpton the vacationer was somebody. The postmaster remembered him; the villagers doffed their hats. For a brief time, at least, he was filled with a sense of importance.

And whether he goes to Shrimpton or the Tyrol, the man on vacation likes best to select some place and form of recreation that will put him in a romantic or important light. Given the chance, he will try to approximate that ideal of existence which every busy human being carries about with him from Monday to Saturday, from nine to five, fifty weeks of the year.

Would the slave of an industrial civilization be a gentleman farmer? He arranges, for his vacation, a setting of meadows and stone fences where day by day at so much a week he may survey his acres, observe the intimate unfolding of a rose, watch the hay-cutters at their fragrant task, and pretend that the over friendly pup that follows him around is that one-man dog that every man secretly believes is waiting for him somewhere in the world.

Or has he always fancied himself as a soldier of fortune, of whom it might be said that the world is his home? He boards a steamer, he goes to as far a place as he can get back from by a certain all-too-certain Monday morning. And though the route and all the reservations may have been made in advance, Thomas Cook himself could not deprive him of the illusion of being a vagabond—he sips his aperitif in that late golden sunshine that seems perennially to linger about sidewalk cafes with all the nonchalance of habit and a miraculous forgetfulness of the filing cases and typewriters that are in reality only six or seven ocean days behind him.

The precious days slip by. The gentleman farmer watches his crops. The carefree world traveler sips his aperitif. The man who would really like to spend his life in the solitude of mountains catches his fish in the lonely stream. In the heart of each a poignant regret grows more poignant as the vacation end approaches. More poignant and at the same time somehow more pleasant. Toward the end, in fact, though not one of them would admit it, the life of a gentleman farmer in winter comes to seem a little bleak; the world traveler wonders if, after all, homeless world travelers are really happy. As for the mountain fisherman, the fish are not biting so briskly as at first and he begins—secretly—to tire a little of both canned soup and solitude.

And so it is that on those certain Monday mornings most vacationists return—not solely for economic reasons, and more willingly than they would care to admit. The truth is that most human beings are too timid to climb down from their whirling merry-go-round unless they feel sure of getting back to it safely in a few weeks' time. Or would it be more charitable to say that perhaps they know, with an inherent wisdom, that one man's adventure is another man's rut?

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Tear-Gas, Bayonets, and Votes

The President Opens His Reelection Campaign

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, August 6

HOOVER'S campaign for reelection was launched Thursday, July 28, at Pennsylvania Avenue and Third Street, with four troops of cavalry, four companies of infantry, a mounted machine-gun squadron, six whippet tanks, 300 city policemen and a squad of Secret Service men and Treasury agents. Among the results immediately achieved were the following:

Two veterans of the World War shot to death; one eleven-weeks-old baby in a grave condition from gas, shock, and exposure; one eight-year-old boy partially blinded by gas; two policemen's skulls fractured; one bystander shot through the shoulder; one veteran's ear severed with a cavalry saber; one veteran stabbed in the hip with a bayonet; more than a dozen veterans, policemen, and soldiers injured by bricks and clubs; upward of 1,000 men, women, and children gassed, including policemen, reporters, ambulance drivers, and residents of Washington; and approximately $10,000 worth of property destroyed by fire, including clothing, food, and temporary shelters of the veterans and a large amount of building material owned by a government contractor.

The political results are less impressive. Indeed, among high officials of the Administration there is fast-growing apprehension that the great exploit was planned and executed with more daring than judgment, and that, as a campaign effort, it may prove to be one of the deadliest boomerangs in political history. That fear already has found expression in two public statements by the gallant Secretary of War, Pat Hurley, seeking to justify the employment of gas bombs, tanks, sabers, bayonets, and fire against unarmed men, women, and children. One of them, as I shall presently show, is such a tissue of known and demonstrable falsehoods that utter panic must have prompted it.

The circumstances surrounding the use of troops and modern implements of war to evict these people from their miserable hovels and to drive them from the capital force me to the reluctant conclusion that the whole affair was deliberately conceived and carried out for a political purpose—namely, to persuade the American people that their government was threatened with actual overthrow, and that the courage and decisiveness of Herbert Hoover had averted revolution. It is no secret that Mr. Hoover and his advisers hope to make "Hoover versus radicalism" the leading issue of the campaign. The presence of the unemployed veterans and their families in the capital presented an opportunity to show the country that the danger of "insurrection" was real and that the Administration had prepared to meet it. To accomplish this object it was necessary to provoke actual conflict, and that is what the Administration proceeded to do. A simple review of the salient facts would seem to make this apparent.

For several weeks the men and their families had been encamped in Washington, some occupying abandoned and partially wrecked buildings and shacks on downtown plots owned by the government, but a large majority existing in crude shelters erected by themselves on a large government-owned field on the opposite bank of the Anacostia River. Excepting a small unit of Communists, which the main body promptly outlawed, the behavior of the men was characterized by extraordinary discipline and restraint. To one who visited their camps many times and talked to scores of them, any suggestion that they constituted a threat against the government is preposterous. Even the Communist gestures were confined mainly to two futile attempts to parade before the White House, which got them nothing but broken heads, jail sentences, and fines. The attitude of the great majority was one of good-humored and patient fortitude under incredibly primitive conditions of existence. In a thousand ways they exhibited the instinct to make comedy out of their own vicissitudes—an instinct as characteristic now as it was in France. The so-called "bonus army" in actuality was an army of unemployed men who believed they had a special claim on the government and came here asking the government to give them relief unless it was ready to provide work. Bonus or no bonus, they would not have come if they had had jobs. Any assertion to the contrary is ridiculous.

Save for the feeble gestures of the isolated Communist group there was no trouble until that fatal Thursday, due in part to the remarkable tact and common sense of General Glassford, the chief of police, in part to the discipline enforced by the leaders of the camps, and in part to the essentially law-abiding instincts of the men themselves. The worthy Hurley mouths indignant phrases about "panhandling" and "forced tribute from citizens," but in all my visits to the camps I was never asked for anything more valuable than a cigarette—and I am a fairly prosperous looking citizen. As soon as Congress adjourned there was a steady exodus of the campers, as attested by the daily statements of the Veterans' Bureau, dutifully reported by the Associated Press and Administration newspapers. Responsible officials repeatedly declared it was only a matter of days until all would be gone.

But suddenly someone high in authority decided the government must have immediate possession of the partially razed block bounded by Third and Fourth Streets and Pennsylvania and Missouri Avenues, where about 1,500 were existing in abandoned buildings and makeshift huts. Most of these people were from Texas, California, the Carolinas, Nebraska, West Virginia, and Florida, which are not exactly hotbeds of "radicalism." Instructions went from the Treasury to the District commissioners to have the police evict the squatters. On two occasions Glassford convinced the commissioners that the police had no authority to conduct such evictions, and pointed out that the procedure for eviction is definitely prescribed by law. On Wednesday there was a conference at the White House attended by Hurley, Attorney-General Mitchell, and General Douglas MacArthur,

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chief of staff of the army. On Thursday morning Glassford was informed that Treasury agents would begin evacuation of a part of the block, and that if anyone resisted eviction he was to be arrested for disorderly conduct. This meant that the actual eviction would be done by the police, and so it worked out. Someone had devised a technicality for getting around the law. Glassford's protests were unavailing. It was obvious that irresistible pressure had been applied to the commissioners.

One building was emptied with little difficulty of all but one occupant—a legless veteran whom Glassford permitted to remain until the Veterans' Bureau could take care of him. An hour later, at noon, three men, one carrying a large American flag, started a march across the block, followed by several hundred. When the leaders encountered a policeman he grabbed the flag. There was a scuffle, and one of the marchers was hit on the head with a nightstick. He wrested it from the officer and struck back. Other policemen rushed toward the spot, and there was a shower of bricks from the marchers in the rear. I was standing about forty feet away, and it looked like an ugly mess, but the cops kept their heads and no shots were fired. Glassford dashed into the heart of the melee, smiled when a brickbat hit him in the chest, and stopped the fighting in a few seconds. Within two minutes the veterans were cheering him lustily. Two policemen had been badly hurt by thrown bricks, and several veterans were bleeding from the clubbing they had received and from accidental hits from within their own ranks.

The trouble was resumed with more serious consequences two hours later when a policeman attempted to bar several veterans from a building which, in fact, had not been prohibited to them. They rushed him and he shot. A fellow officer coming to his assistance was hit with a missile and likewise opened fire. Still others joined in. Glassford, on the second floor of the same building, commanded his men to stop shooting, and the policeman who had fired the first shot and who apparently was hysterical, whirled and aimed his revolver at the chief. In this encounter two veterans were fatally wounded, another received a flesh wound, and a bystander got a policeman's bullet in the shoulder.

It was soon afterward that Glassford made an illuminating statement to reporters. He said: "The trouble began when I was compelled to enforce an order which I considered unnecessary. In a few more hours this area could have been evacuated peacefully."

The truth of this statement seemed evident. The men had been advised by their leaders to move, better quarters had been promised, and plainly they were ready to follow Glassford's counsel. The trouble was that someone in authority had determined to force the issue. Two District commissioners reported to President Hoover that the civil authorities were "unable to maintain order," and within a few minutes infantry, cavalry, machine-gunners, and tanks were on their way from Fort Myer and Fort Washington—although they were delayed an hour in the rear of the White House while an orderly dashed back to Fort Myer for the tunic, service stripes, and English whipcord breeches of General MacArthur, the valiant chief of staff having steeled himself to lead the offensive in person. Again we have a significant disclosure from General Glassford, the one official whose judgment, courage, and knowledge of conditions had been conspicuous.

He did not tell the commissioners that the police were unable to handle the situation—on the contrary, he told them the police could handle it "unless the field of operations was to be expanded"; he did not ask for troops, was not consulted about calling them out, was not informed they were coming, and was not consulted by their officers when they arrived. In short, the whole affair had been taken out of his hands by someone higher in authority, someone resolved on an actual clash between the regular army and the encamped veterans. The publication of the orders disclosed that this "someone" was Herbert Hoover. Before me is a statement by Secretary Hurley which contains the following words:

> No one was injured after the coming of the troops. No property was destroyed after the coming of the troops except that which was destroyed by the marchers themselves. The duty of restoring law and order was performed with directness, with effectiveness, and with unparalleled humanity and kindliness.

Let us see. When the troops arrived they actually were cheered by the veterans on the south sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue. A cavalry officer spurred up to the curb and shouted: "Get the hell out of here." Infantrymen with fixed bayonets and trench helmets deployed along the south curb, forcing the veterans back into the contested block. Cavalry deployed along the north side, riding their horses up on the sidewalk and compelling policemen, reporters, and photographers to climb on automobiles to escape being trampled. A crowd of three or four thousand spectators had congregated in the vacant lot on the north side of the avenue. A command was given and the cavalry charged the crowd with drawn sabers. Men, women, and children fled shrieking across the broken ground, falling into excavations as they strove to avoid the rearing hoofs and saber points. Meantime, the infantry on the south side had adjusted gas masks and were hurling tear bombs into the block into which they had just driven the veterans. Secretary Hurley states that "the building occupied by the women and children was protected, and no one was permitted to molest them."

What he means by "the building" I do not know, because scores of shanties and tents in the block were occupied by women and children. I know that I saw dozens of women grab their children and stagger out of the area with streaming, blinded eyes while the bombs fizzed and popped all around them. I saw a woman stand on the Missouri Avenue side and plead with a non-commissioned officer to let her rescue a suitcase which, she told him, contained all the spare clothing of herself and her child, and I heard him reply: "Get out of here, lady, before you get hurt," as he calmly set fire to her shanty.

"No one was injured after the coming of the troops," declares the veracious Mr. Hurley. I saw one of his own blood-splashed cavalrymen put into an ambulance, apparently unconscious, as several of his comrades pursued a fugitive into a filling station, trampling a woman in their charge. Simultaneously an ear was shorn from the head of a Tennessee veteran by a cavalry saber. As a matter of fact, there was hardly a minute when an ambulance did not dash in and dash off with a victim. I was in that hapless mass of policemen, reporters, and spectators at Third and C Streets a few minutes later when an order was given from a staff officer's

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car, and a company of infantry came up on the double quick, tossing gas bombs right and left. Some exploded on the sidewalk. Some fell in front yards jammed with Negro women and children. One appeared to land on the front porch of a residence. Two small girls fell to the sidewalk, choking and screaming. But the veterans were beyond the street intersection, more than fifty yards away, held at bay by the cavalry. This gas was intended for spectators—and they were fated to get many another dose intended for them before the night was over, although the police suffered even more—they had no masks. Meantime the legless veteran had come hobbling out of that inferno of gas between Third and Fourth Streets and Pennsylvania and Missouri Avenues. His eyes were almost closed. He had been lying on his bunk when the first bomb landed in the building. He had taken off his artificial feet because his stumps were chafed from too much walking, and it took time to strap them on. He was the last to emerge. From his personal belongings he had rescued only his blanket and a copy of his poem. But "no one was injured" and "no property was destroyed," according to the gallant soldier-oil magnate of Tulsa!

According to Messrs. Hoover and Hurley, it was necessary to evacuate this block in order to "give way to new buildings to be built under the construction program authorized by Congress. This new construction was designed to give employment to the unemployed of Washington and vicinity." As a matter of fact, inquiry at the Treasury discloses that the plans call for no buildings on this block. It will be used for a park and parkway. Its part in relieving unemployment consists in this: that forty Negro laborers and a crane will be used in razing the remaining buildings. Moreover, it develops that an undertaker, whose place of business still stands on the site, has appealed from the judgment in a condemnation suit, and the labor of leveling the block may not be completed for weeks.

Secretary Hurley defiantly announced that "statements made to the effect that the billets of the marchers were fired by troops is a falsehood." On the day when he first made this declaration it appeared in dozens of newspapers which also published a graphic Underwood and Underwood photograph of an infantryman applying a torch to a veteran's shanty. I am only one of numerous reporters who stood by while the soldiers set fire to many such shelters. In the official apologia, the Secretary asserts that "the shacks and tents at Anacostia were set on fire by the bonus marchers before the troops crossed the Anacostia Bridge." I was there when the troops crossed. They celebrated their arrival at the Anacostia terminus of the bridge by tossing gas bombs into a throng of spectators who booed and refused to "get back" as soon as ordered. About fifteen minutes after their arrival in the camp the troops set fire to two improvised barracks. These were the first fires. Prior to this General MacArthur had summoned all available reporters and told them that "operations are completely suspended," that "our objective has been accomplished," that "the camp is virtually abandoned," and that it would "not be burned." Soon after making that statement he departed for the White House. When the two barracks ignited by the soldiers had been burning fiercely for at least thirty minutes, the veterans began firing their own shelters as they abandoned them.

On the high embankment which bounds the plain opposite the Anacostia River, thousands of veterans had gathered, and with them mingled thousands of Anacostia residents, all intent on the lurid spectacle below. Promptly at midnight (General MacArthur had gone to the White House more than an hour earlier) a long and shadowy line of infantry and cavalry advanced across the fiery plain toward the embankment. Sabers and bayonets gleamed in the red light cast by the flames. Virtually everyone had deserted the camp; it seemed incredible that the offensive would be pushed still further. It seemed so to the veterans and the residents of Anacostia—but an officer had told me earlier in the evening that the strategy was to drive all the campers "into the open country of Maryland." Presently, that familiar fizzing and popping broke out along the face of the ridge, and there was a rush of veterans and spectators toward the streets of Anacostia. Near the top of the incline is a house occupied by a lone woman. In this house a veteran had rented a room for himself and his wife. It was not that he was too much of a mollycoddle to share the ruder comforts of the camp below—it was simply that his wife expected to become a mother within a month. As the advancing line of bayonets ascended the slope and reached the yard where the landlady and her boarder were standing (the wife continued to sit in a wicker chair), the woman of the house screamed that this was "private property" and that she would appeal to the police for protection.

"To hell with the police. They ain't got nothing to do with this business," the sergeant replied. "Get these people out of here." The woman insisted (I was standing in the weeds fifteen feet above), and the sergeant finally consented to allow the veteran's wife to remain, but her husband had to move on with the rest of the throng, which appeared to consist of about one-third veterans and two-thirds residents of Anacostia. It had retreated about fifty feet before the advancing bayonets when several gas bombs were tossed *backward* into the yard. The expectant mother and her hostess fled indoors.

For many blocks along the embankment similar scenes were being enacted. With "unparalleled humanity and kindliness," the troops tossed scores of gas bombs into the vast crowds lining the hillside, driving them back to the main thoroughfare of Anacostia. Automobilists, unable either to turn or back up, abandoned their vehicles and ran from the stinging fumes and menacing bayonets. Within five yards of the main business corner a veteran carrying an American flag failed to move rapidly enough, and I saw a gleaming blade sink into his hip. Moaning, he staggered toward a drug store, still clutching his flag.

Chief Glassford, who was in the best position to know, has said that it was "unnecessary." But, although a brilliant soldier and an even more brilliant policeman, he is not a politician. The politicians had decided it was necessary. It was necessary to dramatize the issue of "Hoover versus radicalism." One hitch has developed. The President has asserted that less than half of the campers were men who had actually served under the flag, and Hurley assures us that the disorders were led by "reds" and "agitators." How unfortunate, then, that those killed were bona fide veterans of the World War, entitled to honorable burial in Arlington! But how much more tragic it is that, in a crisis like this, the United States Government should be under the control of such a trio of adventurers as Hoover, Hurley, and Mills!

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Our Cast-Iron Constitution

By WILLIAM SEAGLE

IN the present atmosphere of depression a great many criticisms of fundamental economic or political institutions are being made. Programs are offered from all sides; we must do this or that to prevent disaster, proclaim the eager prophets who hasten forward with their schemes of reform. Economically, the magic phrase "a planned society" is heard. We must have old-age pensions, we must have compulsory unemployment insurance, we must be able to fix prices and control the processes of production and consumption. Politically, we must abolish lame-duck sessions of Congress, inaugurate proportional representation in national elections, secure responsible cabinet government. The vast social and economic changes which have been introduced by twentieth-century industrialism dictate a new society. Individualism must give way to socialization. Social life must cease to be anachronistic, the old machinery must be scrapped.

Thus the argument runs. Since social change is necessarily a slow and painful process, it may be taken for granted that great obstacles will have to be overcome before any program of social reform is realized. But there is one additional factor which must be taken into account in America in the formulation of any program which is to have a completely realistic basis. It is that almost all changes that are currently proposed probably cannot be accomplished under existing constitutional limitations. Either they are so obviously unconstitutional that no responsible Congress could so much as consider them, or their constitutionality is open to so much doubt that the Supreme Court would certainly invalidate them in passing them under review. Here, indeed, is a dilemma, but there is no sign that it is receiving very much attention. In fact, there has never been so complete a divorce between economics and political science. One would hardly suppose from reading such popular critics of our economic system as Stuart Chase, James Truslow Adams, or George Soule that there is such a document as the Constitution.

The reply has always been made to those who have expressed general dissatisfaction with existing American institutions, that the Constitution itself provides a remedy. It can always be amended. It is true that the way of amendment is the only safe way to secure permanent fundamental changes but, alas, the apparent way out is a very illusory one. Indeed, it smacks of the Bourbonism which counsels the people to eat cake. It so happens that the Constitution of the United States is like unto the law of the Medes and the Persians of which it was said "it altereth not." Even in the writings of such conservative constitutional commentators as Charles Warren and Robert Luce are to be found intimations that in this kaleidoscopic twentieth century the process available for amending the American fundamental law is not flexible enough. From the point of view of its adaptability, Bryce classified the American Constitution as "rigid." Nineteen amendments have been appended to it, but, as is well-known, ten of these have been adopted at one time in pursuance of an agreement made before its ratification, and three have been secured only as the result of civil war. If the Constitution has been able to function at all, it is because so many changes have been wrought in it by a process of "interpretation." It is true that this interstitial modification of the Constitution which has resulted in its partial adaptation to the needs of the nation in the past is still available, but it is far too slow for the rapid pace of our own times.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the defects of the present methods of amending the Constitution which are provided for in Article V. The only method that has proved at all workable is that of Congressional proposal of amendments with ratification by the State legislatures. Special State ratifying conventions have never been used. The attempts of some States to provide for ratification of amendments by popular referendum were held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. But it is to be doubted whether popular participation of this character in the amending process could lead to very much. Forty-eight popular referendums, or forty-eight specially elected conventions assembled in forty-eight separate States, represent an unbelievably cumbersome procedure. The fathers after all were thinking only of thirteen States. It is true that the trouble would be worth-while if very much could be accomplished by single amendments, but only piecemeal changes could be wrought in the Constitution in this way. After much travail only a mouse could be born. A single amendment could necessarily effect only a single change, and it may seriously be doubted whether any genuine social reorientation could now be realized in this manner. Even if it be assumed that a whole new constitution could be submitted by Congress in the form of a single amendment, that obviously would be no way to adopt a new scheme of government. It would simply be a case of taking or leaving what was offered. A constitution must be the result of a process of proposal and counter-proposal, of bargain and compromise.

The only method known to political science which is suited to a thoroughgoing constitutional revision is the general constitutional convention, but under the present Article V it is next to impossible to assemble one. To secure independent but simultaneous action on the part of the necessary two-thirds of the States is an almost insuperable task. The fact is that more than thirty-two States, or the necessary two-thirds, have at various times since 1899 petitioned Congress, as required, to call a constitutional convention, but too many constitutional riddles have been involved for Congress to feel impelled to act. How long do the State petitions to Congress for a constitutional convention remain good? Must all the petitions request the same amendment? Must a petition request a specific amendment, or may it request a constitutional convention for general revision? Can Congress forestall a constitutional convention by submitting the desired changes to the State legislatures? These questions have remained entirely academic because there is no judicial way of settling them. In fact, however, they are not very often asked, because the very idea of a constitutional convention makes everybody nervous. The last one this country had in 1789 is too intimately associated with a period of

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revolution. No court can control a constitutional convention which, representing the people in their sovereign capacity, is supreme. It is recalled, moreover, that as a matter of fact the Convention of 1789 disregarded the Articles of Confederation, so that the present Constitution may be said to have been illegally adopted. State constitutional conventions which work under the implied threat of the federal military power may be one thing—in fact, many have been held, according to one estimate, once in every thirty-three years; but a federal constitutional convention would be quite another. In a very interesting book, "A New Constitution for a New America," published a decade ago in another period of depression, William MacDonald urged the calling of a general constitutional convention to adapt the fundamental law to new needs, but unfortunately under the present provisions of Article V it is next to impossible to assemble such a body.

The conservatism of the fathers has been amply demonstrated in recent years by such scholars as J. Allen Smith and Charles A. Beard. This conservatism undoubtedly manifested itself in their rejection of the principle of majority decision in the amendment of the Constitution. But it is equally true that they were no less ridden by the bugaboo of State rights. They made the amending process particularly rigid to make it difficult for a small group of States to disturb the status quo. As the result of this jealousy of the States, it has been made possible for thirteen States whose population is in the neighborhood of only 5,000,000 (less than that of the City of New York) to prevent a constitutional amendment which may be desired by all the other States whose population exceeds 100,000,000.

Communists and other malcontents have immemorially been treated to the commonplace that in America the adaptation of our institutions to new needs is always possible through orderly constitutional change. But constitutionally these needs are really incapable of adequate satisfaction. Is the Constitution born of revolution to be superseded only by revolution? The probability of its recurrence is not lessened but increased by the likelihood of its being only a "bourgeois" revolution. Among communists such a revolution is spoken of with ridicule and contempt. It is supposed to be the lowest of all possible types of revolution. All the objectives which it can possibly accomplish are held to have been attained in 1789. Such a belief, however, can hardly be justified by even elementary school history. The work of 1789 was not done, alas, in the spirit of '76. The United States is the one country already supposed to have democratic institutions which could actually profit immensely from a bourgeois revolution, so anachronistic are its political institutions.

The likelihood of any form of revolution depends, of course, upon a whole complex of social and economic forces. But as far as political science is concerned, the only way such a result can be prevented is to deal in time with the amending process of the American Constitution. Many amendments have been offered in recent years, but none of them is as important as the alteration of the amending process itself. It may be regarded as the last counsel of peaceful change. It is, indeed, the amendment of amendments.

The amendment of the amending process itself would pass all problems into social solution. It could enlist the most general support because it would in itself be a definite commitment upon no issue except the desirability of social change. But there is at least one problem, that of prohibition, which may not be solved adequately until the present Article V is itself revised. Repeal still has many obstacles in its way. But prohibition might be sacrificed in a general trade of social purposes. The citizen who is a dry may still want some form of farm relief so badly that he may perforce reconcile himself to the possibility that some of his fellow-citizens may be allowed to drink. Hard bargains may be driven under the spur of economic necessity. But prohibition would no more be directly involved than lame-duck sessions or compulsory unemployment insurance or fixing prices.

While the revision of Article V would constitute only a preliminary step to the adaptation of American institutions, it would in itself result in one immeasurably important political reform. A new and more flexible amending process would change the whole character of American constitutionalism. The power of judicial review has too often placed great obstacles in the path of American social progress. The Supreme Court of the United States has acted as a third and decisive legislative body which has constituted the bulwark of conservative interests. Yet there is nothing inherently evil in the power of judicial review itself. Even under a due-process clause of wide application, the power of judicial review could not result in judicial usurpations of legislative authority if the effects of unwelcome judicial decisions could be removed by a constitutional amendment, adopted under an easily workable amending process. Only once has this been possible in American history under the present amending process, when the Sixteenth Amendment was adopted after the income-tax decision. In no other instance has the issue been focused with sufficient sharpness, or been of sufficiently immediate catastrophic importance to arouse public opinion to the point where the almost insurmountable obstacles of the present amending process could be overcome. For the rest, popular rights have rather been gradually and interstitially undermined by a series of decisions whose tendencies could not be arrested by amendments of general import. But under a modernized amending process, the power of judicial review might even be retained. In a federalism such as ours judicial review serves a legitimate purpose of controlling state divergencies from national regulations; where capable of control, it would even be welcome as a temporary check upon possible excesses of legislation. A power of judicial review acting as a brake would be a totally different mechanism from one acting as a throttle.

No definite scheme of a new amending process need here be offered. Once its necessity is realized, it will take appropriate shape. As to its exact form, there will naturally be differences of opinion. But in general it may be said that a good amending process should combine a relatively easy method of inaugurating individual changes with a slightly more difficult method of general revision. The extent to which the power of initiating amendments is to be divided between the nation and the States will always doubtless prove a troublesome problem. Two principles, however, may be ventured as vital in all phases of the amending process: A majority should be sufficient to secure either the initiation or final approval of any changes; in both phases, also, popular participation through the referendum should at least always be possible. The need for stability needs to be reconciled with the no less legitimate need for change. Even a slight relaxation of the present provisions of Article V would be a vast improvement.

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A New Crisis in China

By LONG BOW

THE Kuomintang has dominated China since 1926. During these past six years the Chinese people have been promised, time and again, internal peace, termination of imperialist oppression, and economic reconstruction under the leadership of the party. Instead, there has been, since the establishment of the present national government at Nanking, a succession of civil wars, foreign invasions, mutinies and revolts, floods and famine. The burden of taxation has not been lessened, while misery and poverty among the masses have increased in intensity. The forces of discontent are constantly gaining strength and are gravitating around the Communist stronghold in the southwest.

Five years ago the voice of Kuomintang was eagerly heard and enthusiastically echoed throughout the country; its denunciations struck terror to the hearts of warring militarists; its proclamations envisaged the coming of a new day; its leaders, outspoken and heralded by the masses, appeared as apostles of a new faith; it was looked upon as the national fountain-head of regenerating power and influence. Today, the voice of the Kuomintang is feeble; its pronouncements lack the force of conviction; its headquarters are closely guarded for fear of attack; and its leaders are timid and confused.

Bearing in mind that the ruling elements of a nation are hardly better than the ruled and that politics and government administration best reflect the character and qualities of a self-governing people, it will not be difficult to appreciate the task confronting any group of men attempting to revolutionize China. The bulk of the people of China are paternalistic in their thinking and individualistic in their behavior. Everybody is his own government and master. They are stubborn and hard to convince; they are eccentric and cannot be tamely led. The life of China, irrespective of classes, consists of a myriad of small and unconnected circles within a big circle. The Chinese live, toil, and breed incessantly. When hard times come, as at present, they war on their neighbors instead of against ignorance and poverty.

The Kuomintang was originally a loose association of revolutionary conspirators. Actuated by sheer patriotism and possessed of creative imagination, the early leaders claimed the right to direct the destiny of the people through the transitional period. The party laid down a threefold program of nationalism, democracy, and socialism as the panacea for the nation's ills. Its aim was the creation of a modern state in place of feudalistic China. The revolutionary ideology was almost transcendental. To place this program before the people and to carry it out required political realism as a component part of revolutionary leadership. For this the Kuomintang was indebted to the Soviet-inspired Chinese Communist Party and to direct moral and material assistance from Soviet Russia. The part which Soviet agents played in the early days has since become an incalculable element.

Theoretically, the Kuomintang aimed at a socialist-democratic revolution with every class of society as an active participant. The workers, the peasants, the small tradesmen, the merchants were all to constitute the revolutionary masses whose aspirations the party was to represent and for whom the party was to be the mouthpiece. It was felt that in the common struggle for liberation from foreign imperialism the prejudices and conflicts of classes within the revolutionary ranks would be submerged. This, however, proved to be an illusion resulting from intellectual confusion of the leaders. It merely opened the way to the penetration of the Communists whose infallible feeling for the masses and quick grasp of the revolutionary situation enabled them to lay hold upon all mass organizations.

From the very beginning there were evidences of a lack of homogeneous leadership in the party. The majority of the members of the Central Executive Committee were men whose middle-class vision extended not beyond their family doors. They were incapable of discerning the path of the revolution. A handful of radical propagandists constituted the vibrating force of the party. They were powerful agitators but lacked sufficient sense of responsibility to be true leaders. The military became the controlling element in the party. But this group consisted of men who were devoid of political wisdom and were more bold than prudent. They soon came under the sway of passion and adventure. There was no centralized leadership.

The crisis wore on. There were perpetual disagreements and quarrels. Then came the inflated expansion of the party following the northern campaigns. War was designed to bring the party political power but victories blinded its intelligence. More wars meant less intelligence and less sense. The Goliath of militarism may have been struck down but the energy of David was also spent. Exhausted by the costly campaigns for personal glory, harassed by the Communists at the back, and deserted by sincere and forward-looking comrades who became disgusted with the betrayers of revolutionary ideals, what remained of the Kuomintang armies and their satellites deviated from the original path of the revolution and turned for support to the hitherto recalcitrant bourgeoisie. The socialist-democratic revolution had come to an end.

The Kuomintang seemed to be meeting the fate of the Committee of Union and Progress in Turkey. A bourgeois revolution, however, would probably fill the immediate needs of China, and Kuomintang leadership was fit for the task providing it was sincere and honest. But a series of rollicking comedies of politico-military civil wars waged purely for factional reasons seriously impaired the dignity and authority of the party. In the eyes of the merchants of Shanghai and Nanking whose pocket-books sustain the national government the Kuomintang seemed guilty of a breach of promise. They became distrustful of Kuomintang sincerity. Meanwhile, the masses whose yearnings and hopes were unfulfilled expressed their discontent in open revolt.

The cancer that eats deeply into the vitals of Kuomintang and of the political life of the nation is the low standard of honesty and decency in the conduct of public office and officials. Effeminacy and corruption seem to be the con-

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comitants of a reformist movement in an oriental society. The so-called modern educated men are no less responsible than the bandit-generals whose minds are still feudalistic. Lacking discipline and moral courage, educated but untrained, the majority of public officials find it to their advantage to become interpreters, stewards, and co-conspirators of the military chiefs.

The revolting circumstances of the last decade have produced in China a new type of young radical intelligentsia. To these independent thinkers the actions and declared policies of the Kuomintang appear ludicrously contradictory. They do not challenge the historical claims of the Kuomintang to being the political trustees of the people's welfare, but they strongly demand adequate safeguards for personal freedom. In matters concerning good government and public decency they are aggressively outspoken. The narrow-minded ruling power of the Kuomintang, however, brooks no criticism, helpful or otherwise. A veritable reign of terror has been inaugurated against young writers of talent and courage. Many of the most promising young Chinese have been destroyed. These wanton persecutions have alienated the sympathy and support of the intellectual class for the Kuomintang and recently elicited the just protest of Western writers.

Meanwhile, there are endless intrigues and chicaneries, perpetual haggling over spoils, constant bickerings and double-crossings, and increasing animosity and bitterness among factional leaders within the party. But Nanking and Canton, with their charges and counter-charges, are regarded as the kettle and pot calling each other black. The people have become estranged. To the masses, the Kuomintang, which was once a cult, is now a disease to be endured and got rid of, if possible. The time for the party to organize its victories and to consolidate its power is lost forever.

While the Kuomintang stews in its own juice the Communist backfire gradually spreads in the neglected areas of southwestern China. Whether a Communist revolution is a historical necessity for the Chinese people at the present stage of their development is, of course, a debatable question. But it is undeniable that the Communist Party has become a vital force in China, biding its time and gaining strength to contend for the supreme power of the land. In their struggle for power they must encounter the same historic forces and national traits of the people which stand in the way of innovation and progress. Both the Communist Party and the Kuomintang have sent thousands of men to death. The difference, however, is that the Communists have capitalized their gains and tried to make life anew, if no better temporarily, for those who survive, while the Kuomintang squanders its gains in perfunctory political luxuries and leaves the survivors in old misery.

Launching its revolutionary undertaking openly in 1927 the genuine Communist Party is now in absolute control of an area of 250,000 square miles with a population of 50,000,000. The Red Army consists of 400,000 able-bodied men assisted by a number of auxiliary units including young boys and girls. Sufficient information and statistics have not yet come to light to present a reliable picture of its inside workings but the following excerpts from the letter of a middle-aged peasant in the interior of Kiangsi gives an impression of what life is like under the Communist hammer and sickle:

> Much more has happened here in the last four years than in the preceding forty.
>
> My woman [his wife] died shortly before they [the Communists] came. Ping Heng [probably his brother] was shot on the morning of Wednesday. It was a continued nightmare for all. Ting Tze Lord's [a wealthy landlord] mansion was turned into a yamen [government office] and even the Hu-taos disappeared mysteriously. The back temple [an isolated place for the cripples and feeble-minded] was burned and no one left. On this site now stands a new building where young folks often gather for meeting. Life is strangely new and I have not seen half of the faces of the old days.
>
> I am still plowing my own lot but I had to turn in the title deed in exchange for a yearly lease which is also revocable at any time. Everybody obtains his share of manure from the common pile but we keep our own cows and chickens. Except during the working season [the average working days for a Chinese farmer vary from 150 to 200 a year] we all dig roads, carrying dirt and building dams under supervision. It is said that we will soon have more water than we need for our cauldrons and more roads than our feet can walk.
>
> The incense shop in Pi Ying [a small town] is closed and in its place is now a printing shop with all kinds of pictures, booklets, and pamphlets which are given free. All may sell to and buy from the general store but not between ourselves. There is nothing to buy and sell and no money.
>
> The women folks keep ancestral tablets in their bedrooms and under their beds and worship at night. My two sons and two daughters seem to be busy all the time. They eat and sleep where there are others of their age together. What the girls do I don't know, but the older one seems to be happy. She says she does not need any go-between and she is married already! She is eighteen. The sons join the Young Vanguards and have drill and study every day. They do not study "Great Learning" or the "Four Books" but many others which I do not understand—less do I care to read. We are better off in one way and worse off in another.

Ironical though it may seem, communistic political methods operate most effectively in an economically backward country. If revolutionary disintegration continues in China, time is in their favor. Extremist, self-confident, optimistic in their outlook, cruelly scientific and diabolically energetic, the Communists, zigzagging though they must on account of inferior resources, are superior in human organization. The northwestern provinces are fast being drawn within the Communist vortex and it is their hope that they may eventually establish contact with Moscow through the mainland.

A group of national celebrities have openly demanded partial abdication of political power by the Kuomintang. Out of this may rise a new movement, less idyllic and romantic than the Kuomintang, more direct in methods, definite in purpose, and fascist in character. The situation is complicated by the interests of Western capitalist powers in China which have always played an invisible hand in the making and unmaking of government and which are now in conflict with the Japanese general staff. If a general conflict results, any government in China will be buried in a maelstrom of international politics, and anarchy will help the Communist Party to victory. If the repercussions in Japan continue toward internal revolution there while the world situation gradually improves, the Kuomintang Goverment may have another lease of life.

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The Arena

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

DIFFERENT times, different customs. Were John Wilkes Booth to shoot Abraham Lincoln today, he would be prosecuted for failing to make an income-tax return.

Mayor Walker, if put out of office, will run for the New York governorship. This suggests an interesting possibility. Let Governor Roosevelt, if defeated for the Presidency, run for Mayor of New York. Mr. Walker could then put Mr. Roosevelt out of office, Mr. Roosevelt could run for governor again—why, it could go on for years.

And now if the racketeers will give up a month's pay, everything will be fine.

Suggested added feature for the Olympic games: the monkey-wrench throw. Throwing the wrench into the works at 500 meters. To be participated in by only our leading bankers and politicians.

Governor Roosevelt's nation-wide tour will wind up in California. In the event of defeat he can be in the movies in twenty-four hours.

Speaking further of California and the Olympics, no less than three men broke the record for the 100-meter dash. Let's see—isn't that criminal syndicalism out there?

Governor Eely seems to be slippery.

Progress is being made toward the five-day week, which will be five days more than the workers are getting now.

Since our soldiers are not wanted in either Washington or Johnstown, why not send them to France? They used to be wanted there.

Why doesn't one of the big chain stores build a string of de luxe poor houses around the country?

Mr. Hoover says that no group must be permitted to intimidate the country. The racketeers won't stand for any competition.

If Patrick Henry were to make his choice today, he'd certainly stay right where he is.

If the Olympic athletes, while they are in California, would take up the problem of debt cancelation, and if the Lausanne statesmen, when next they meet, would confine themselves to pole-vaulting—but no, it's too much to expect.

Isn't it about time for some press association to send out a false report of the end of the depression?

Gene Tunney will run for United States Senator. For Ambassador to England: John J. McGraw.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has discovered a document of immeasurable value to the (non)working man which he prints below in the belief that it should be framed and hung in every working-class home (if any). It is a "Special Letter" issued by Roger W. Babson, and reads as follows:

HOW TO GET WORK WHEN THERE IS NO WORK!

First, always keep in mind that the sign, No Help Wanted, is always a lie. . . . When men and women are laid off, it is because they are of *no help* to the concern employing them. . . . *Anyone who can be of real help can always get employment.* . . . .

When applying for a position never tell your prospective employer about your own troubles. He probably has ten troubles to every one you have. Do not talk about your family or wife, especially if she's about to have another baby! Surely these things are not the fault of him whom [*sic*] you are hoping will employ you. Never talk against your former employer nor attempt to make an alibi for your losing your last job. One of the first things every employer wants is *loyalty* in his employees. Talk well of your acquaintances, be an optimist on business and life in general. . . . Better business will come when the millions of unemployed change their attitude toward life. . . .

The country will never get out of the present depression by any of us working less. Only by more work and harder work by all of us will prosperity return. *Hence these suggestions:* If you rent a house and cannot get work, ask your landlord to buy the materials, and offer to paint the house, shingle the roof, or make other repairs in payment for your rent. This would at least create prosperity in the paint and shingle industry! . . . Business is waiting only for more sales. If the millions of unemployed would start out today to sell the products of factories which are running on part time, prosperity would return tomorrow. Hence if you cannot *think* yourself into a job, then *work* yourself into a job. The first men and women to be reinstated with pay will be the ones who insist on working even without pay. . . .

Remember that now while unemployed you have a great opportunity to build yourself up physically, mentally, and spiritually. . . . Breathe deeply, drink much water, exercise sufficiently, chew your food, and get a lot of sleep. . . . Spend an hour a day in your public library systematically studying the industry to which you wish to go back. . . . Do not waste time reading the newspapers or listening to the radio. . . . Remember that you have as much time as President Hoover or Henry Ford. The difference between you and them is how you use this time. . . .

Today, with deflation about completed, the need is merely for a determination by us all to go forward and do SOMETHING useful—with or without immediate pay!

* * * * *

MR. Babson has neglected one point. If because of lack of food, you are unable to chew it properly; if you faint in the public library from hunger; finally, if you starve to death before the pay begins, remember that you will be making room for some other worker. Remember that "better business will come when the millions of unemployed change their attitude." THE DRIFTER

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Remember Sacco and Vanzetti

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *The Nation* seems to be the only journal in the United States that has, to date, consistently, conscientiously, and steadfastly fought the battle for Sacco and Vanzetti. In the midst of dirt and corruption, it has held high up before the eyes of the people an unstained ideal of political morality which is based on a long, honorable, meritorious past. It is with a sense of what *The Nation* is and has been that I appeal to it to continue the fight for Sacco and Vanzetti.

In the first place, let not the twenty-second of August go by this year without the holding of a fitting memorial service in New York and in Boston in honor of Sacco and Vanzetti. In the holding of this service, all contact and friction with the police authorities should, in my opinion, be avoided. This is the best way in which to conquer the respect and the sympathies of the police and in which to submit to the American public, through the press, a dignified presentation of all the new matter which has come to light in the last five years and which goes to prove the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti.

There is one particular phase of this evidence in which I have been specially interested, relating to the two men who were intimately connected with the case in the beginning and who fled to Italy to escape the reign of terror which prevailed in the State of Massachusetts. The story of Mario Buda and Riccardo Orciani, close friends and comrades of Sacco and Vanzetti, partners in all their undertakings, is a human record which for pathos, mystery, and tragedy has rarely been equaled by anything in fiction or real life. I have received a letter from a lawyer in Kentucky who says:

> I have never seen Buda's statement as published in the New York *World* of December 2, 1928, and I would like very much to see it, as I read the complete record of the trial, both in the lower court and throughout all the appeals. I have often wondered why Buda disappeared: and especially why he waited until after the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti before he made any statement on his own behalf. He must have known from 1921 to 1927 of what was going on in connection with the Sacco-Vanzetti appeals, and it is certainly queer that he should have kept so silent, when his silence tended to create the impression that Sacco and Vanzetti were probably guilty.

After a four years' study of Buda's character, I am satisfied that the reason he did not speak was because he could not speak. Nobody invited him to speak, and nobody connected with the Sacco-Vanzetti case, so far as he knew, seemed to take the slightest interest in whatever he might have to say, or seemed to regard it as of any importance.

If Buda had hidden himself, if he had buried himself in some far-off place where he never could have been found, if he had changed his name and otherwise destroyed all traces of his existence, a presumption would have remained against him. Buda did none of these things. Buda simply went home. I was the first person, so far as I know, to reach Buda, and when I questioned him on the case, he told me frankly and willingly everything he knew about it. I have visited Buda's home in Italy, talked with his mother and his other friends and relations, and I have visited Buda twice, once on the island of Lipari and once on the island of Ponza, where he has been held a political prisoner for nearly five years; for four years I have corresponded with him regularly.

The State of Massachusetts put Sacco and Vanzetti to death on the theory that Buda was a participator with them in the crimes alleged. Why does not the State of Massachusetts, if it has any self-respect or any belief in the honesty of what it has done, make an effort to bring Buda to justice, either in Massachusetts or in Italy? Why execute two of the "murderers" and make no effort to apprehend the third? The case of Massachusetts against Sacco and Vanzetti was that Buda stole a car, that he hid it in his shed, that he invited Sacco and Vanzetti to use this car with which to commit crimes and murders. If all that was true then all three men were guilty. If that was not true, then all were innocent.

Buda wrote me lately requesting me to send him the excellent book on the case written by the New York lawyer, Osmond K. Fraenkel. He has written me: "The statements made by Johnson and his wife are in many ways untrue. I am going to write an answer to these statements." I doubt very much if Buda, when he was in Italy subsequent to November, 1920, followed the case in its details or had any means of doing so. His interest in the testimony seems now to be awakening, and in Fraenkel's book he possesses the whole thing in a truthful, impartial, and convenient form. He is an intellectual man and spends his time in study. He can see now for the first time from Fraenkel's book just where he stands in the case.

Buda's five years will be up on August 20 of this year. He has against him three additional months. A petition signed by the American friends of Sacco and Vanzetti and addressed to the Italian ambassador in Washington, outlining Buda's connection with the Sacco-Vanzetti case, calling attention to the importance of his testimony, and requesting that the Italian Government cancel the extra three months standing against him, would, in my opinion, bring about his liberation.

Edward Holton James

Geneva, Switzerland, July 15

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Once more my calendar reminds me of that grim night in Charlestown Prison when Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were led to the executioner's chair, victims of a legal murder. Am I a sentimentalist that despite the intervening years I still rehearse the weeks of anxiety and strain that characterized the struggle for their lives? Or am I right when I look upon my picture of their death masks and tell myself that men forget too easily; that the curse of our times is not our sentimentalism but the ease with which our capacity for sensation becomes dulled? Are we too tender-minded or too hard-boiled? Are radicals, who criticize the mawkish monuments of present-day civilization, inconsistent in upholding their own martyrs, perpetuating their names and deeds, and holding, year after year, as it were, grudges in stone?

It may be true. But as for me, I can perhaps best celebrate this hideous anniversary by once more reliving for a few days, if only that, one of the soundest emotional stirrings I ever experienced. When I joined the radicals of the world in heaping execrations on the cowardly heads of men like Alvan Fuller and Webster Thayer, I was not giving vent to a petty spleen; I was, rather, adding my single voice to the great, age-long chorus of hatred against smug and intrenched intolerance; I was crying vengeance upon the cruelty, not of a few individuals, but of a social system. No, let the complacent, the dilettante, and the casual radical declare that it is fruitless now to raise a protest; let the purely rational reflect, and thus satisfy their frigid souls, that after all the men are dead and we must grapple with the problems of the living. But there are some of us whose radicalism, whose determination to agitate ceaselessly for a new society from the ground up, began with the clanging

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of the iron doors in the dark hours of the early morning of August 23, 1927. For though these men were never demigods, they were gallant and devoted; and if in our time the books of judgment do not record a reversal of the Bay State's black conspiracy, the day will come when justice will be done. No, my anarchist friends, whose philosophy I do not share but in whose lot of social rebellion I gladly participate, we have not forgotten!

Boston, Mass., August 8 PITMAN WALSH

A Place for Planned Economy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Over the air recently, the editor of the trade paper issued for the daily press described with braggadocio how the news of the big conventions was gathered. He went into considerable detail as to the army of reporters, editorial commentators, announcers, photographers, telegraphers, et cetera, recruited for the purpose and constituting the highest-priced flower of the profession, the millions of words wired out, and the tens of thousands of film feet consumed. He pointed with pride to the matchless enterprise thus demonstrated at a cost of "over $200,000 a day."

Since the two conventions together ran nine days, the outlay for publicity, on the basis of this figure, must have mounted upwards of $2,000,000. At least $1,000,000 of this could have been saved without detracting one bit from the quality of the service. Was this not a good place for a little planned economy?

Philadelphia, July 8 W. H. Y.

Thomas for President

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers will not want to be neutral in this crisis. In this year of 1932 they will want to support a fundamental program and a man of outstanding ability for President.

Nation readers are invited to join the Committee of Five Thousand for Thomas for President. By October 1 we hope this will be a Committee of One Hundred Thousand. This committee is composed of men and women not now members of the Socialist Party, who wish to make their indorsement of Thomas for President count in the campaign. The headquarters of the committee are at 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

New York, August 6 REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Contributors to This Issue

LONG BOW is the pseudonym of a Chinese who has until recently been connected with the Nanking Government.

PAUL ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is coauthor of "To the Pure" and author of "Cato, or the Future of Censorship."

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN is coauthor with Morrie Ryskind of the Pulitzer prize play, "Of Thee I Sing."

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN is professor of English at Wells College.

ALFRED E. SMITH, the former Governor of New York State, was the Democratic candidate for President in 1928.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of a biography, "Bitter Bierce."

ROBERT CANTWELL is author of "Laugh and Lie Down."

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THE NATION ON WEVD

RELIEF BREAKS DOWN IN THE CITIES

by Mauritz A. Hallgren

Wednesday, August 17 8:15 p.m.

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Books and Films

The Inner Temple

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Every right-run farm should own
A place where men can be alone.

A toolshed will do well as such,
Women would not go there much
  To pry into the mysteries
  Of plows and harrows. On his knees
A man can get down there and savor,
As all men need to do, the flavor
  Of being of the ancient race
  Of animals and know his place
Is properly on pungent clay.
And something holy in its way
  Will rise out of the earth beneath him
  And in a fresh, strange garment sheathe him.
So when he will go indoors,
His wife will look up from her chores
  And wonder at him seeming new
  As when their courtship was not through.

White Housekeeping

The Diary of an ex-President. By John P. Wintergreen. Edited by Morrie Ryskind. Minton, Balch and Company. $1.75.

IN politics I have always found a sense of humor an invaluable asset. There is nothing quite so refreshing, especially in a Presidential year, as the discovery of a book with a real sense of humor about politics. Morrie Ryskind, who I understand was responsible for much of the funny business in "Of Thee I Sing," has continued the Wintergreen epic in inimitable style in "The Diary of an ex-President." My personal opinion is that it should be made compulsory reading for every politician, campaigner, or political office-holder. Some public official should be intrusted with causing such politicians to read a chapter or two every time there seemed any danger of their taking themselves too seriously.

The American political scene grows more complicated almost daily. The grave problems that have been saddled upon our national and local governments by the economic crisis have tended to make self-important political personages even more inflated and, in some cases, demagogic. In reading the naively simple adventures of John P. Wintergreen in the White House, they may find that after all their good fortune or fine public position is usually the result of some special gesture of fortune rather than something which implies any great merit on the part of themselves.

I laughed with John P. Wintergreen and I laughed at him. As a former State executive, I found great humor in some of his White House adventures. No one who has been in public life can possibly escape the humor of President Wintergreen's situation, and I am sure that Mr. Ryskind has manufactured many a genuine laugh for hundreds of thousands who may never sit in the chair of political office and know personally the situations that make a sense of humor so invaluable in such a position.

ALFRED E. SMITH

On Being Repetitive

On Being Creative. By Irving Babbitt. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

AS if to prove his point that there is something fixed and permanent in the midst of seemingly universal flux, Dr. Irving Babbitt publishes a new book which is so much like every other book he has printed since "Literature and the American College" of 1908 that one is at a loss how to review it. It is replete with the same notions, the same prejudices masquerading as ideas, the same antiquated methodology that have been characteristic of him all his writing life. The ways of criticizing Babbitt's work were so thoroughly canvassed during the great humanist controversy of 1929-30 that a new approach is hardly at this late date to be found. One can merely reiterate the objections then brought up in the hope that they may by some wild chance penetrate the protective armor humanists seemingly wear when they venture into the world.

Babbitt still envisages himself as the great Harvard Socrates. He still thinks that civilization is a purely verbal structure that can be wrecked or saved by a definition. He still insists that definition is to be striven for by reference to the past usage of a word rather than by reference to the reality it is intended to symbolize. He is still content to base his case on a purely verbal psychology and to insist with characteristic vehemence that he and he alone is being experimental. He is still able to convince himself that he can, following King Canute, hold back the waves of science by dubbing all those he does not like, particularly those which have to do with the study of man as an individual and as a social animal, pseudo-sciences. He is still willing to scramble the ideas of the world in the hope that by a marvel of verbal prestidigitation he will produce something that will save civilization from the fate he sees ahead for it.

All this ludicrous activity is carried on in this new book, which is ostensibly given over to essays on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Johnson, Schiller, Julien Benda, The Critic and American Life, and the title topic, On Being Creative. Thus in writing about Coleridge and Johnson it is quite obvious he is really using them as foils for an essay on the use of imagination in literature. "In dealing with this problem," he writes with his wonderful solemnity, "it seems to me desirable to bring a Socratic idea into relation with a Buddhistic one and then to use the two ideas thus combined in defense of an idea that is central to Christianity." Thus by shuffling around the notions he has cadged from writers of the past he hopes to get the stage set for a return to what he insists is a sounder conception of the imagination than that obtaining for the last one hundred and fifty years. But he makes not a single reference to the work of the psychologists in the field of the imagination. He simply plays around with his jig-saw puzzle until he is convinced that he has exhausted the patience of his audience, and then announces a conclusion he had arrived at long before he set out on his study of Socratic, Buddhistic, and Christian ideas. Indeed, he has only adverted to them in the hope—vain, to be sure, in most cases—that by invoking such impressive authority for his private notions, his readers will be stampeded into accepting his prejudices as Great Ideas.

Coming back to Dr. Babbitt's verbal gymnastics after almost two years of rest from them, one is impressed by their total irrelevance to contemporary life. There is plenty of room for a critic, even a school of critics, whose sole duty it might be to criticize the modern mind. But no school has yet appeared which has shown itself capable of criticizing the modern mind in

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the terms in which that mind must perforce operate. The critics who have appeared, like the humanists and the neo-Thomists, simply deny the validity of those terms at the very beginning, and so the points they make are grounded in such a different methodology that they are difficult to apprehend, and when apprehended, usually turn out to be irrelevant. Even the Communist critics are unable to get outside the modern mind in any true sense. They escape, at best, the so-called bourgeois prejudices. They are less bamboozled by certain of the more and less obvious sacred cows of Western European society. The truth is that they are themselves so completely partisans of modernity in most of its phases that they are incapable of criticizing it outside the realm of economics. Personally I have always thought that this is getting pretty near the heart of the matter. It is of the very first importance that we know in what sort of society a given set of ideas was produced, and it may safely be said that the economic system plus the cultural inheritance from the past—the superorganic of Kroeber—will come pretty near to explaining just why certain ideas are held. If this is true, then Dr. Babbitt's notions may be dismissed as a part of the cultural lag. He is still trying to exploit the adventitious and honorific value allegedly inherent in literary or verbal learning as opposed to the learning brought to us by the scientific method. Far from being in advance of the moderns, Babbitt is so far behind them that it is only with difficulty that they can make out what the devil he is talking about.

C. Hartley Grattan

The Importance of Henry James

The Prefaces of Henry James. By Leon Edel. Paris: Jouve et Cie. 18 fr.

THE body of comment that has grown up around the work of Henry James is exceptional for the lack of common agreement it reveals among his critics. To the general reader his name has come to stand for a forbidding gentility, for a love of long sentences and of hair-splitting analysis, and for an almost mystical concern with problems of deportment. But even among his critics neither his greatness nor his failure is taken for granted. It is not commonly accepted that he was a great writer in the sense that it is commonly accepted that Dostoevski was a great writer; on the other hand, it is not generally held that his work has lost its meaning to us to the extent of that of Huysmans, for example. There is a deep difference of opinion even among those who begin with an assumption of his failure. To Van Wyck Brooks and to the nationalist critics, James has been principally significant as the great expatriate, the most distinguished refugee from American materialism, and his failure is presented both as a result of his pilgrimage and of the combination of forces that led him to make it. The "serious charge" I. A. Richards incidentally mentions against much of James turns out to be that when "the reader has once successfully read it there is nothing further which he can do. He can only repeat his reading." These are two views selected at random; other critics have offered other objections. In these very pages, not long ago, C. Hartley Grattan added a new note of dissent by characterizing James as "beyond all else the great exponent and defender of the leisure class" as a part of an argument designed to show that James has little of significance to say to the present generation. There seems to me to be less point in disputing these various views than in indicating that those who are agreed that he failed do not agree why he failed. Nor do they show convincingly *how* he failed. We can be almost persuaded by Mr. Brooks's eloquent argument, for example, until he offers us his proof. When he points to the novels which he maintains indicate James's decline, we learn only that Mr. Brooks does not like the kind of writing in which James had perfected himself. At the opposite extreme, a devoted admirer like Percy Lubbock can give us a clear statement of his belief in James's greatness, but our skepticism is likely to be aroused as soon as we perceive the vagueness and the rather precious quality of his reasons for believing in it.

Leon Edel is among the admirers, which is to say that he communicates his belief in James's greatness more effectively than he communicates the reasons for that belief. There is little in the present volume that is not well-known to readers of James, but it has a genuine value as an introduction to one of the most searching studies we have of the technique of the novel, and to some of the most remarkable of English prose. According to Leon Edel, James, in writing the prefaces to the definitive edition of his work, "took the attitude of a misunderstood author who wishes to explain what he has tried to do, and why." Examining the facts that led to the prefaces being written, this seems accurate, but examining the prefaces, it is misleading. James was in his sixties when he wrote them; he was generally neglected or forgotten; the fate of his greatest works was, as Leon Edel says, "a small sale, a confused criticism, and stupid letters from friends asking for explanations." After a life of industry comparable with that of Balzac, James felt that more was due him, and he wrote the prefaces in a final and pathetic attempt to clarify his writing to his audience. The edition was not a success and the prefaces have remained almost unread—an ironic, a Jamesian fate for them, and one that he expected.

These are the melancholy facts. But turning to the prefaces, the phrase "misunderstood author" has misleading connotations. No body of writing that I know testifies so eloquently to a simple joy in writing; no author has had a keener relish for the difficulties of his craft. Literature still remembers the terrible cries of anguish that accompanied Flaubert's labor pains, and writers, recalling what hell he went through, still shudder as they sit down to write. More than any other individual, Flaubert succeeded in making literature a stern and lonely and unhealthful profession, inviting only to those willing to abandon everything else for it, and his influence has been so paralyzing simply because he changed the emphasis from what is said to the emotions of the individual engaged in the process of saying. James was one of the few who studied Flaubert's spectacular torments and remained unperturbed. He knew very well that he enjoyed his art, and that his enjoyment lay precisely in a knowledge of the difficulties and in his attempted solutions. That the difficulties were enormous, and that they seemed greater the more closely he scrutinized them, became, in the last analysis, the central source of their appeal.

It is a lack of appreciation of the almost Rabelaisian zest with which he approached intellectual problems that renders so much of the comment on James inapplicable to his work. He was not narrow and specialized and sterile; his later works emphatically do not indicate a decline in his creative powers. On the contrary they reveal a startling development in his imaginative resourcefulness, a more daring and more varied use of metaphor, a greater field of knowledge on which the metaphors were based—signs of at least an unchecked inspiration and of a tireless ingenuity. It was peculiarly in the later works that he could heap analysis on analysis and then analyze his analysis with recklessness and with an unparalleled extravagance of fancy. This is not to say that such extravagance is in itself good, or that the conceits were uniformly successful. A comparison between the relationship of two people and a Chinese pagoda, in "The Golden Bowl," involves so great a strain on the imagination that one remains in doubt as to what James was trying to communicate. I merely wish to indicate the injustice of comment which does not take this extravagance into

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account. In Rabelais we consider a similar extravagance, applied to physical functions, amusing; in James, applied to mental processes, we commonly call it unreal.

Leon Edel does not take up these points; he is principally occupied with repeating and commenting on James's theories of fiction. One impression is clearly conveyed by the prefaces: James was indifferent to what is said, and whole-heartedly concerned with the way of saying it. His descriptions of the initial conceptions of his novels (descriptions, incidentally, which in their range of imagery and precision of statement surpass similar passages in Joyce and Proust, the two who have drawn most from James) reveal that for him the material for fiction might be implicit in any chance remark, however slight, in any casual situation, no matter how conventionally undramatic. He never seems to have considered that this might be more revealing of his general indifference to his subject than of the potential richness of the casual. If I can do this much, he seems to say, with this slight and inconsequential situation, what might be done with some of the intense and urgent conflicts that surround you? He made no secret of the ways in which he gained his effects; he did not credit them to some supernatural power or to special and mysterious gifts. He left a detailed record of his experiments in communication, and they are experiments that no one who feels he has something to communicate to others can profitably disregard.

ROBERT CANTWELL

The Truth about Slavery

Slave-Trading in the Old South. By Frederic Bancroft. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Company. $4.

ONE can rely upon Frederic Bancroft to do a thorough and sound job of historical writing whenever he gives us a book, which is unfortunately only rarely. His latest, a study of slave-trading in the old South, is a notable contribution to the history of the slavery system. It is all the more welcome because of the new cult which would whitewash all the leaders of the Confederacy and has now discovered that all the Republicans, who steered the country through the Reconstruction days, were a set of unmitigated rascals without a single redeeming trait or defense. This cult is, of course, primarily carried on by the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Veterans, who have recently declined to meet with the survivors of the Grand Army, and by other professional Southern patriots who have even erected a monument to the jailer of Andersonville. Without in the least desiring to wave the bloody shirt, or to arouse sectional antagonism, it is none the less vitally important that the actual facts as to the institution of human slavery in America should be on record beyond question, lest they be buried under a mass of sentimentalism, in a deliberate, almost nation-wide effort to gloss over the horrors and to give to the whole of the institution the glamor surrounding the petted house slaves in Thomas Nelson Page's novels.

As a trained historian and scholar, Mr. Bancroft has, of course, built his book on contemporary facts, taken wherever possible from Southern sources, with photographs of advertisements and other documents which cannot be gainsaid. He has had recourse also to the testimony of foreign visitors to the United States, and where he has used contemporary Negro testimony he has gone to great pains to find corroborative evidence. It is a dreadful chronicle that he has set forth of wanton human misery; of the destruction of families; of the tearing of little infants out of their mother's arms, and their sale at twenty-five dollars or more to anyone who would take them; of enforced violations of marriage ties, indeed, of the reduction of the marriage rite among colored people to a mockery and a sham. Mr. Bancroft also deals at length with the fate of the Octoroons and Quadroons who were sold as "fancy girls." He records the case of one mother who thanked God when she heard of the death of her daughter, one of this handsome type, as she was being marched South with a coffle of slavehands to be sold to the highest male bidder to do with as he pleased. Mr. Bancroft is also very unkind in bringing out the record of some of the leading Charleston families whose houses are still among the show places of that city, to show that their wealth was founded on the blood and tears of the human beings that were auctioned off on the block.

In other words, Mr. Bancroft has given us a source book of great worth. No one who desires honestly to treat of the slave trade in the old South hereafter can possibly write of the subject without referring to this monumental work. It should be in every library in the country. Certainly no university library can afford to be without it.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Shorter Notices

American Literature and Culture. By Grant C. Knight. Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $3.

This book is noticed here only as a particularly distressing example of the sort of textbook one piously hopes is passing. If a book of this sort is not accurate it is nothing, and this book is not accurate. Both the text and the bibliographies are full of errors major and minor. But worse by far is the fact that Mr. Knight obviously does not know what it is all about. He has no discernible literary philosophy of his own and as an eclectic he is pretty feeble. Even the rapid reader will soon discover that he is apt at one point to take one approach as the correct one and a few pages later to accept a diametrically opposed viewpoint. Thus on pages 439 and 440 he gives a long, lugubrious quotation from Wordsworth which he says accurately applies to our present diseased literary condition, and then on page 456 he says, surprisingly, "The outlook for the American novel is a cheering one." Sample opinions are the following: "No American author is more unjustly neglected than is William Dean Howells" (page 378). ". . . we are tempted to select Mrs. Wharton as the noblest Roman of them all" (page 413). ". . . the dead-cat naturalism of Zola and the prying naturalism of George Moore" (page 423). "Here and there groups of idealists like the New Humanists or the Fugitive Poets at Vanderbilt University strive to make headway against the confusion of bad taste . . ." (page 445). "Mr. Lewis shares the common inability of so many contemporary writers to see life steadily and see it whole" (page 449). It is in organizing his material on the literature since 1914 that Mr. Knight exposes his incompetence not only in judging literature but also in assigning relative proportions and defining relations. The students who are given this as a text will certainly get a sorry picture of the literature of their own time. And of the literature of the past they will get the conventional academic view. When will academic pot-boilers cease to clutter publishers' lists?

The Dark Land. Poems by Kathleen Tankersley Young. Ithaca, N. Y.: The Dragon Press. $1.

Miss Young's poems have a certain distinction. They are for the most part written in one mood, the modern mood of despair. The meaninglessness of life, the measurelessness of time, the flux and change of all things are stressed. Miss Young tends to use an imagery which is so unvaried as to become symbolic: rain falling on the streets and on the passers-by dims

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lives of which the outlines in the early light were real; snow follows rain, and under its falling all things die into motionlessness. The background of these poems is the city: the streets fade from red into gray blue.

> Shall we walk forever in the streets
> Shall we walk forever under the awnings
> And emerge to rain falling, and wade through
> The green lights without remembering
> Why we are here?

Miss Young's form is a kind of free rhythm, basically five-beat but used often with alternating lines of three and four beats. Her poetry is the poetry of statement, of the fine line; it is not musical. Her influences seem to be the Imagist school, the poetry of T. S. Eliot and of Ivor Winters.

The Life of Horace Walpole. By Stephen Gwynn. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

Here is one of the most pleasant kinds of biography—a running account based on voluminous correspondence, filled with the gossip and color of an age and the ring of its great names. Mr. Gwynn's latest study in literary biography is written with charm and distinction as well as with fairness and good judgment. The great dilettante of his day, son of a powerful Prime Minister, amateur in politics, in publishing, in literature, author of that absurd but influential romance, "The Castle of Otranto," confirmed bachelor with his extraordinary friendships with women—he who blighted Chatterton's hopes and made the grand tour with Thomas Gray—Walpole comes to life more satisfactorily in this pleasing volume than in any other single-volume account, perhaps, that has been given us. This is owing in part to the delightful selections from the correspondence and in part to the charm of Mr. Gwynn's prose. It is a biography that may be recommended alike to the student of the period and the general reader who does not ask for sensational psychological disclosures (for which Horace Walpole might prove a tempting subject) or a romantic legend.

They Call It Patriotism. By Bruno Brehm. Translated from the German by Margaret Goldsmith. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

Herr Brehm has told the story of the Pan-Serbian movement which carried through the assassinations in 1903 of the ruling Serbian family and the assassinations of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his morganatic wife at Sarajevo, and ended with the execution of "Apis," the Serbian leader, in 1917. The tale resolves itself into a swiftly moving narrative based, every step of the way, on historical evidence. Nearly all the conversations are founded directly on transcripts of testimony. No spurious facts or details are added and no important ones omitted. The result is history in narrative form which does not, as historical novels have always done, distort the truth. Professor Sidney B. Fay contributes a Foreword and has supplied two maps from his own "Origins of the World War." As pure story for the general reader the book is dramatic and exciting.

Hindoo Holiday. By J. R. Ackerley. The Viking Press. $2.50.

Mr. Ackerley's visit to Chhokrapur, to act as tutor for the two-months-old child of the maharajah, was evidently a pleasant, somewhat limited experience; at least the information he gives about it is all of one kind. The maharajah's personal idiosyncrasies, his difficulties with the language, his cryptic sense of humor, provide most of the amusement, while the rest of the book is given over to the author's relations with various natives, to inquiries and answers about native beliefs and customs. The information so conveyed must evidently be accepted with reservations; Mr. Ackerley seems willing to sacrifice everything, including the white man's burden, for whatever is picturesque. The comparisons, by Van Vechten and Priestley, between this book and "Passage to India" are unfortunate, for the difference is between a frivolous skipping about over the scene and a serious study of a racial problem.

They Never Come Back. By William Plomer. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

This is the story of the visit of a young English artist to Japan, his friendship with a hypersensitive young Japanese student, his relations with the English wife of his Japanese host, and his departure. The externalities of the novel are simple, but the content, which manages to localize the disparateness of races without distorting any of the relationships into a black-and-white relationship of national types, is complex and even profound. The novel is as good as if not better than E. M. Forster's "Where Angels Fear to Tread"; certainly it is more direct than Forster's novel. Though it may not prove a popular success, it should attract the attention that any novel as well written as this one deserves.

Films

Concerning Dialogue

THE talking picture has been in existence for four years and is now so firmly established that even the old enthusiasts of the silent picture have lost all hope of ever restoring their favorite to its former glory. And yet criticism of the talking picture as a talking picture goes on unabated. By many of the supposed champions of cinematic art dialogue is still held to be an abomination.

The stock argument against using dialogue in a film is of course well known. Dialogue, we are told, is the natural medium of the stage; but it is wholly foreign to the screen whose appeal is directed to the eye and not the ear. It may come as a surprise to the film enthusiasts of this generation, but will hardly be news to those who remember the history of the modern theater, when it is recalled that barely twenty-five years ago there was a very similar outcry against dialogue. Only then it came from theater reformers such as Gordon Craig and his followers, who voiced the belief that dialogue intellectualized the theater, whereas the true art of the stage expressed itself primarily through visual forms which appeal direct to our senses. Perhaps, after all, the present opposition to screen dialogue is rooted in the same old aesthetic of non-intellectual and "mystic" art, for it certainly cannot be justified on any other grounds. Speech is an integral part of man's being. In a silent film, with its necessary convention of a soundless world, pantomime is appropriate and legitimate. In the sound film realistic pantomime in a realistic setting is a deliberate artifice condemned by its own contradictions.

But, if we must be honest with dialogue, if we must face squarely its particular problem in the sound film, what are we to think of the popular practice which takes a dialogue written for the stage and puts it on the screen in its original form, except for some pruning and compression necessitated by consideration of time?

Obviously, those who resort to this practice fail to see, or pretend not to see, any important difference between the function of speech on the stage and its function on the screen. To them speech is speech, no matter where it is used, provided they can weld it to physical action and set both tripping through their allotted number of reels. The result is the Hollywood picture, something that is neither fish, flesh, nor good red

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herring, and that inevitably leaves a rather queer taste in the mouth.

Now, we all know that a stage play, no matter how realistic, never reproduces life as it is. It must needs shape it to fit the mold of the stage. Whatever its material, it remains a play or, in other words, a version of life informed with theatrical pretense and made to unfold itself within the walls of the theater. Speech is the principal handmaid of this theatrical pretense, and the enormous work it does in translating life into the terms of the stage is indeed something to be marveled at. What does it not do? It informs the audience of events that have taken place off stage. It elaborates and fills out action. It makes thinking habitually loud and explicit. It swells and keys up emotion. It decks argument with sparkling wit. And sometimes, as in Shakespeare, it comes forward and glories in its own imagery and music.

It is perfectly natural that stage speech should perform all these various duties. For the stage is limited in its means and, moreover, cannot disguise its fundamental artifice and conventionality. But is it equally natural for this theatrically inflated speech to appear in the real world which is the province of the talking picture? After all, the material of the film is not an acted life, a life on the stage, but the real, honest-to-goodness life of people as it is lived in natural surroundings. And yet what does Hollywood do? It takes a life that has already been fashioned to fit the stage, transplants it back to its original soil, and then leaves it there to swell with all the exuberance of stage verbiage.

No representation of life in a talking picture can ever be convincing so long as it carries the hall-mark of the stage battle of words. Even the so-called "natural" stage dialogue is too inflated to appear natural on the screen. To be used at all it has to be stripped to the bone, reduced to the normal function of speech, which in nine cases out of ten is only a concomitant of action and not its source or substitute.

And yet even deflated dialogue is not enough. Years of slow development have gained the film a freedom from set scenes, and a power to select and order its primary material that are peculiarly its own. The stressing of dialogue as the main vehicle of dramatic narrative has thrown the film back to the long scenes of its early youth. To be sure, lately the talking picture has been trying to recover this lost flexibility and freedom of movement. But it is not really in earnest about it. It still pays infinitely more attention to the running stream of conversation than to the arrangement of separate units of speech in significant combinations.

More could be said of the use of dialogue as an element of a purely conventional screen art, an art that without violating the essentially realistic nature of its material, would provide means for establishing an intimate contact with the audience, and would rival the stage in imaginative interpretation of life. But this would require a radical change in the accepted form of the motion picture, and the prospects of any such revolution in Hollywood are too remote as to call for immediate consideration.

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